

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But wee will shippe him hence, and this vile deede
Wee must with all our Maiesty and skill *Enter Ros. & Gylde.*
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closset hath hee drag'd him,
Goe seeke him out speake sayre and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what wee meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poysned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but softly, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust whereto it is kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that wee may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleuee it.

Ros. Beleuee what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile and not mine owne, besides
to be demaunded of a sponge, what replication should be made by
the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I fir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers do the King best seruice in the end, he
keepe them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
last swallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee-
ing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs
to the King,

Ham. The body is with the Ki
body. The King is a thing.

Gyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to l

Enter King, an

King. I haue sent to seeke him,
How dangerous is it that this man
Yet must not we put the strong Law
Hee's lou'd of the distracted mult
Who like not in their iudgement, b
And where tis so, th'offenders scou
But neuer the offence: to beare all
This suddaine sending him away m
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate
By desperate applyance are relieu'
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus

King. How now, what hath be

Ros. Where the dead body is be
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded

Kidg. Bring him before vs.

Ros. Hoe, bring in the Lord.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Pol*

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but v
cation of politique wormes are cen
Emperour for dyet, we eat all creat
selues for maggots, your fat King a
ble seruice, two dishes but to one ta

King. Alasse, alasse.

Ham. A man may fish with the
cate of the fish that hath fedde of th

King. What dost thou meane by

Ham. Nothing but to shew you